

A  
FUNERAL DISCOURSE,  
DELIVERED AT THE INTERMENT  
OF  
MR. JOHN GALLWAY.

(Price One Shilling.)

FUNERAL DISCOURSE



DELIVERED AT THE

MR. JOHN GALEWAY

(Price One Shilling)



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# FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED FEB. 11th. 1777,

AT THE INTERMENT OF

MR. JOHN GALLWAY,

A STUDENT IN THE

ACADEMY AT WARRINGTON.

BY WILLIAM ENFIELD, LL.D. *K*

QUIS EST, QUAMVIS SIT ADOLESCENS, CUI SIT EXPLORATUM, SE AD  
VESPEREM ESSE VICTURUM?

Cic.

WARRINGTON:

PRINTED BY W. EYRES, FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72,  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

MDCCLXXVII.

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DELIVERED THE 11th 1877

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6s.

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1877

BRITISH MUSEUM



TO  
THE PRESENT SOCIETY  
OF  
STUDENTS

AT

WARRINGTON,

THIS DISCOURSE

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND,

WARRINGTON,  
Feb. 17, 1777.

WILLIAM ENFIELD.

TO THE PRESIDENT SOCIETY

STUDENTS

AT

WARINGTON

THIS DISCOURSE

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

THEIR FATHERS

WILLIAM D. STIMP

1840



## A FUNERAL DISCOURSE, &c.

**T**HE reflection which David made when Saul pursued his life, and which you will find in the *twentieth Chapter* of the *first Book* of *Samuel*, the *third Verse*, is a reflection which may naturally be supposed to occur to a thoughtful mind, on the present mournful occasion, and which is capable of suggesting many seasonable and important lessons of instruction. It is this :

THERE IS BUT A STEP BETWEEN ME AND DEATH.

IF there be in nature any subject capable of inspiring serious reflections, if any occasion can banish youth-

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ful levity, and compel the gay and dissipated to think, and to feel, I may assure myself that I shall not see any of my auditory inattentive or unmoved on the present solemnity.

DEATH is an event of too serious a nature to be trifled with: it is an object surrounded with too many terrors to be beheld without emotion.

THE philosopher may pretend to have so far subdued the feelings of nature, by the efforts of his superior understanding, as to be capable of submitting to the unalterable laws of nature without reluctance. And the man of pleasure, in the season when vigorous health, chearful spirits, and smiling fortune concur to cast a delusive lustre on every object around him, may, perhaps, feel himself inclined to treat the most solemn event in nature, as he does every other subject, with ridicule; and may persuade himself that it is a much easier thing to die, quietly at least, if not chearfully, than gloomy moralists have represented. But let the philosopher be brought into a situation, in which he shall be obliged to try the power of his system; let the man of pleasure be called upon to pass through the scenes, which he has been teaching himself to forget or to despise; the former will soon  
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be convinced, that it is impossible for us, by any exertions of philosophy, to reason away our feelings; the latter will shrink back with terror from his approaching fate; and will feel, that though life hath been with him a jest, it is no jest—to die.

To give solemnity to death, we need not cloath it with artificial gloom, or call in the aid of vulgar superstition and weak enthusiasm. We need not terrify ourselves with apprehensions of receiving supernatural forewarnings and signals of death, for ourselves or our friends, or of being visited, in the dead hour of night, by departed ghosts. We need not heighten our fears of death, by indulging the impressions which the solemn process of funeral rites may have made upon our feelings, or by following our departed friends in imagination into the dark abodes of the grave, where they soon moulder into dust. Death hath other terrors than those which ignorance, weakness, or a sickly fancy creates; terrors more real and substantial; terrors which must attend it in spite of every effort of reason and philosophy, which religion itself cannot wholly annihilate.

HAVE you ever attended a friend, through the last

scenes of sickness, to the moment of his departure ? If you have not, let no effeminate fears prevent you from taking the first opportunity of beholding so affecting, so instructive a spectacle. If you have—you have seen, and you remember, the terrors of death.

IF the disease was of that lingering kind, which slowly undermines the pillars of life, and wastes the powers of nature by a gradual decay ; you have seen the strength of manhood subdued, the vigour of youth destroyed, or perhaps the bloom of beauty blasted, by the almost imperceptible operations of some hidden cause : you have seen the alternate struggles of hope and fear in the bosoms of anxious friends ; the flattering expectation which the sufferer entertains of new strength and better days, and the eagerness with which he still grasps at every trembling reed, while those around him see that he must at last sink : you have seen the falling countenance, the hollow eye, the quivering lip, the emaciated form : you have heard the last broken accents of complaint, the last tender adieu to weeping friends, the last sigh, the last groan.

IF the disorder has been more violent in its attack,  
and



and rapid in its progress, you have been witness to the alarm and distress of surrounding relatives and friends ; you have seen the most assiduous attention employed in vain, and the most skilful application of medicine ineffectual : you have beheld a vigorous, perhaps a youthful constitution torn to pieces by the sudden storm ; you have, perhaps, beheld reason dislodged from her seat, and deprived of her power to assist or relieve the unhappy sufferer ; till at length, crushed by a load which no human power could remove, you have seen his strength broken down, and his countenance changed ; and after many hard struggles, and distressing moans, have heard him reluctantly resign his last breath.

ARE not these—let me ask the most thoughtless and unfeeling—are not these, scenes of distress ? Is it not with reason, that the house of death, is called the house of mourning ? If besides all this, we consider death as the termination of all our enjoyments and pursuits in this life, as the dissolution of the tenderest bonds of friendship and affection, and as the passage into an unknown world, can we wonder that it hath been represented as the king of terrors, and that it is spoken of by one of the Ancients, as “ of all terrible things the most terrible ? ”

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BUT it is unnecessary to enter more minutely into the description of scenes, which are painful even in idea. The melancholy spectacle now before our eyes, speaks more powerfully to the heart, than all the pictures which fancy could exhibit.

WITHIN that mansion of death, lie the perishable remains of a Youth, who a few days ago, was alive, active, full of vigour, eager in his pursuits, and doubtless, like any of us, intent on future schemes, and promising himself many future scenes of enjoyment. With you, his dear companions and friends, he trod with busy step the paths of learning; explored with attentive eye, and labouring mind, the mazes of science; and sowed, with industrious hand, those seeds of knowledge and wisdom, which seemed to promise a rich harvest in future life. With you he enjoyed the enlivening hours of social intercourse; he partook of your amusements with innocent cheerfulness; and with some of you cultivated that cordial attachment, which, knowing no suspicion, and disdaining every selfish principle, is a source of most sincere delight; that friendship which in youthful hearts is "ardent as the summer's noon." Before you all, he exhibited an example of regularity, sobriety, industry, sincere piety,  
and



and steady virtue, which was an honour to himself, a credit to the society of which he was a member, and an instructive pattern to all around him——and which will not, I trust, be soon forgotten.

BUT all this, alas! is now at an end: “the eye that hath seen him must see him no more.”

NOTHING now remains, but that his faithful friends (sympathising with his fond parents, to whom the melancholy tidings of his death must be a heart-piercing stroke) leave the tear of affection upon his grave, and lodge the remembrance of his virtues in their hearts.

DID I say, that nothing farther remains?—Yes, something yet remains—something that much concerns us all—something, my young friends, that immediately and deeply concerns you. It is, that we hear, and obey, the lessons of instruction, which this solemn event, with such commanding authority, with such persuasive energy, teacheth.

AFTER what you have heard—after what you have seen—you cannot but feel the propriety of the reflection, suggested to your thoughts at the beginning of this discourse;

course;—you must have already made the reflection for yourselves — “ There is but a step between me and death.”

I AM aware that it is no easy thing for a young man in full health, and with all the fair prospects which lie before him, to admit and pursue such reflections on the frailty of human life, as shall produce a deep impression upon his mind, and properly influence his conduct. It is, I am sensible, no pleasing task, for one who is just entering upon the world to think of leaving it, and to “ consider his latter end.” And yet, since our lives are not the less precarious, because we endeavour to persuade ourselves that we possess them by a stable tenure, it cannot surely admit of a moment’s dispute, that it is our wisdom to prepare ourselves for the most sudden attack of disease, and for the most early approach of death, by indulging such reflections, as will lead us to a course of virtuous actions. Why should any man wish to conceal from his own observation, dangers which he cannot avoid; and to live in a state of habitual inattention to events which must arrive?—Let me then prevail upon you, freely to indulge the reflections, which, on an occasion like this, must force themselves upon your minds.

You



You are assured from the constitution of human nature, that it is, appointed to all men once to die. The only doubtful point is, when this important event will take place; whether you will be permitted to reach the utmost boundary appointed to man, or whether "your days shall be cut off in the midst." If you have some probable expectation of the former, you have also many reasons to apprehend the latter. Numerous are the diseases to which the human frame is subject, from which no caution or foresight can insure you; numerous the accidents which threaten you, any one of which may in a moment cut the thread of your life. "In the midst of life we are in death."

THERE are few young persons, who enjoy such confirmed and uninterrupted health, as never to be reminded of their mortality by the attacks of disease; and often these attacks are of such a kind as to give them serious alarm. Besides all this, you have many affecting proofs in the death of others as young and as healthful as yourself, that you have no security for the continuance of your life to any distant period. Such solemn events, as that which now calls for your attention, admonish you, not to "boast of to-morrow, since you know not what a day

may bring forth"; they teach you, that though you are at present in the full possession of health, and are ready to flatter yourself, that "to-morrow shall be as this day," it is by no means an impossible thing, that there may be "but a step between you and death."

For a moment then make the supposition, which however painful, you must acknowledge to be attended with no high degree of improbability, that in a very few years — perhaps months or weeks — you will find yourself sinking under the slow but sure operation of a consumption; will be on a sudden attacked by a fever or other violent disease; or will by some unforeseen event, to which we improperly give the appellation of accident or casualty, be placed in an instant on the borders of the grave, and find yourself in immediate and certain expectation of death.

In such a situation as this, let me ask you — and answer the question to your own heart, with that seriousness which the subject requires — What kind of reflections would you wish to be able to make upon your past life?

Would it be any satisfaction to you, at such a moment,  
to



to look back upon scenes of debauchery and profaneness; to remember that you have disgraced your nature, and perhaps hastened your end, by the indulgence of licentious passions; to be conscious, that the short time which you have been permitted to spend in this world, has not been improved for any of those valuable purposes for which a rational being ought to live; to recollect a series of actions, which the righteous Sovereign of the world hath forbidden; and to feel yourself entering into his presence under the dominion of dispositions, which you are assured that he will disapprove and condemn? Would the remembrance of your vicious pleasures, then afford you any compensation, for the apprehensions and terrors which must attend the consciousness of guilt—any support under the anguish of a wounded spirit?

At such a season, say, would it not appear to you, on the other hand, the most substantial ground of consolation and rejoicing to be able to reflect, that you have spent your short life innocently and usefully; that you have established principles and habits which you can carry with you into the life to come with an humble hope of meeting with your Maker's approbation; and that though you are called to render up your last account on a sudden,



you are not unprepared to stand in the presence of your Judge?

NOR let it be thought a trifling circumstance, if I ask you, whether at such a season, you would not much rather, that the recollection of your character should minister consolation to the minds of your afflicted parents or friends, than that it should add to the burden of their grief. Will it not, think you, be a most reviving cordial to the oppressed spirits of the parents of the amiable Youth, whose remains we are now to commit to the ground, to call to mind his rising virtues, and to receive undoubted testimonies of his merit from every quarter? And would you not wish, if it should please the Almighty to blast your parents' fond and long cherished expectations from you, by cutting you off in the morning of your days, would you not wish, that their sorrows might find some alleviation in the remembrance of your virtues?—I think you would.—Remember then, that it is “a wise and virtuous son alone that maketh a glad father.”

ON the supposition that you will shortly receive a summons from your Maker to leave this world, and appear  
in



in his presence, you are then convinced, that it will be your wisdom to spend the few days that yet remain in innocence and virtue. And I think I need not use many words to prove to you, that this will be no less your wisdom, on the supposition that your lives will be protracted to old-age.

If you only regard the interval between the present time and the last day of a long life upon earth, and wish to provide for yourself genuine sources of enjoyment through the whole of this period; a moment's reflection must convince you, that you are more likely to find a happiness which will last through life, in a well cultivated understanding, in habits of temperance and sobriety, and in the manly and rational pursuits of virtue and religion, than in the licentious gratification of appetite, or in perpetually beating over and over again, the same dull track of amusement and dissipation; that whatever enjoyment you may find in vicious pleasures while the ardor of youth continues, they will soon lose their charms; and, unless you have wisely provided for yourself other springs of happiness, will leave you only the poor remains of a life, which will daily grow more and more insipid,  
till



till at last it become a tiresome burden, which you will wish to lay down.

BUT, if you step forward in imagination, to the close of a long life, and enquire what reflections, and what prospects, will best sustain your spirits under the decay of nature, and in the immediate prospect of dissolution ; you cannot for a moment entertain a doubt, whether it will be more desirable, at that season, to be obliged to review a life, wasted in foolish and frivolous pursuits, and dishonoured by a long train of vices, a life for which your own heart must reproach you, and which exposes you to the displeasure of Almighty God : or to be able to look back through a course of years employed in manly pursuits, in active services to your fellow-creatures, and in obedience to the laws of Heaven ; to leave behind you an honourable testimony to your virtues in the hearts of your friends : to make the last important step into the unknown world, with an undisturbed mind ; and to appear before the Judge of the whole earth, with a humble hope of his approbation, and a joyful expectation of eternal life. You cannot doubt, whether it be better, in your last moments, to have a heart oppressed with guilt,  
and



and agitated with terror ; or to enjoy that peace, which arises from the testimony of a good conscience.

WHATEVER ideas you may entertain of a life of religion and virtue, you will without hesitation, say, " Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. "

ON every supposition, then, it appears evident—and you cannot dispute it—that it is your wisdom to prepare for that solemn event which must certainly, and may soon arrive, by forsaking every vice, and leading a godly, righteous, and sober life. This is so manifest, that I may safely trust this important argument with your own mind, without enlarging farther upon the subject.

BUT whether you will act with steady resolution under the influence of the conviction, which I am certain you now feel—whether the impression, which the present event has made upon your mind, will be sufficiently permanent to influence your future conduct in life ; this is a matter of some uncertainty, which must, after all, be left with yourself.

You



You will soon return into the scenes of temptation, where your virtue will undergo the same trials as formerly. Vicious pleasures will intice you ; appetite and passion will impel you ; the licentious and profane will employ their seducing arts to mislead you.—Perhaps they may succeed — perhaps you may in a little time, forget every serious truth of which you have now been reminded —perhaps you may be able to persuade yourself that there was no sufficient ground for the solemnity of this address, and that the paths of vicious pleasure are not so dangerous as preachers represent. Perhaps you may even learn to think religion a delusion—life a trifle—and pleasure the chief good of man.

IF this should ever be the unhappy case, I need not bid you remember—your conscience will sometimes remind you—that there was a time when you thought otherwise—that there was a time when death appeared to you an awful event, and when you thought it your duty to hearken to the solemn admonition, which called upon you to prepare to die. In that moment of serious thought—and it will come—you will feel, that, though the sacred obligations of virtue, and the solemn sanctions of religion,



religion, may be forgotten or despised ; they have a reality, and importance, which cannot be destroyed.

BUT let me hope, that every apprehension of this kind is without foundation : let me indulge the pleasing idea, that I have not addressed you — that this solemn event hath not spoken to you — in vain. I will hope — I will assure myself — that you will not be satisfied with having paid the deceased the last testimony of respect, or even with having shed a tear over his remains ; but that you will leave this assembly, with determined resolutions, to refrain from every criminal indulgence ; to correct every vicious habit ; to cultivate every virtuous principle ; and steadily to pursue the paths of innocence, wisdom, and piety, to the end of your days.

IT is now — O let it ever be — your firm resolve ;  
 “ My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live : till I die, I will not remove my integrity from me. ”

SUFFER not the authority of conscience, at any time, to be overborne by the impetuous demands of appetite and passion. Let not the most alluring invitations of pleasure—let not the fairest prospect of profit or honour—

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let not the most ensnaring apology for vice, though supported with all the artifices of sophistry, or decorated with all the ornaments of wit and humour—so far seduce your reason and pervert your judgment, as to lead you for a moment to call in question the eternal laws of morality, which are written on every human heart. Wisely judging, that a man is never so capable of separating truth from falsehood, and of distinguishing real and substantial good from flattering appearances of happiness, as in the hour of calm reflection; form for yourself a manly and rational plan of life, consistent with your nature and circumstances, and adapted to afford you solid and lasting satisfaction: and having done this, let neither delusive hope, nor weak timidity, nor false shame, turn you aside from the good path which you have chosen: persevere therein, with steady resolution and unabating ardor, through all the vicissitudes of life; and experience will afford you the most delightful conviction, that “the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”



T H E E N D.



